

272 THE *Engl: Spect.*
vol. 83.
HUMOURS

OF AN

Irish Court of Justice

A

Dramatic SATYR.

*'Tis more than Afrea fled, or Iron Times,
'Tis Virtue groaning with imputed Crimes,
Knaves grown to Power, keep the Good in Awe,
And fix Corruption with the Stamp of Law.*

Written by an exil'd Freeman of that Country
for his Amusement during his Retirement, and
dedicated to the Lovers of Truth and Liberty.

L O N D O N:

Printed and sold without *Temple-Bar*, and
at the *Royal Exchange*.

(Price Six-pence.)



DEDICATION.

My Honour'd Patrons,

BE you many in Number, or few, in high Condition, or low; to you only do I dedicate the following Performance, different from the Poets View, who addresses some particular Personage, is my Design of accosting you; he, by soothing his Vanity hopes to draw from him some pecuniary Reward: I, by dedicating to you, have nothing more in Prospect than the Pleasure of your mere Approbation, which has ever been esteemed by me as your best Reward, not that I think this Trifle shou'd stand in Competition with those more serious Works, which, however, mean in themselves, had still this Merit to recommend them, that they labour'd the Advancement of your general Interest, but as coming from the same Hand, its Imperfections may hope for the greater Indulgence: 'Twas wrote to avoid severe Reflection arising from melancholy Circumstances, and with all that Indifferency of Mind, with Respect to Persons, as if I had only been an idle Spectator of those Enormities I formerly endeavour'd to correct. None then can complain they are particularly lashed at, for if the Vice so incrust the Man, that there is no dividing them, the Work of Virtue must not be left undone, because some few base Particulars may suffer by the Application.

Had the Spirit of the Times been suited to Entertainments of a moral and instructive Nature, I might have hoped to have drawn some Emolument from their Pieces being acted; but alas! the Tyranny and Corruption so much complained of in higher States, has crept even into our Pleasures. The Stage that used to be the ingenious Man's last Resource and only Refuge from the Neglect of an ignorant and debas'd Nobility,

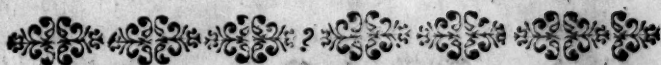
is now become the Property of a Banditti of vile Players, Men who are not more corrupt in their Morals, than vitiated and sunk in their Tastes and Understandings; who try every Thing by the Test of their own Ignorance, and conclude nothing good that is not full as bad as themselves cou'd have made it, yet these must the Ingenious apply to, and after a painful and heavy Attendance of many Seasons, where more Compliment is met with than Probity, more hearty Professions than well-meaning, be content with a civil Dismiss of all their Hopes, and think them, even then, not their worst Patrons.

These my Friends, you will say, are the consequential Ills of a Decline of Liberty; but as in a Storm no Man lets go his Hold, while the least Hopes remains of weathering out the Tempest; so I, whose Voice you have so often heard encouraging you in the Midst of your most imminent Dangers, will not be the first to sing the Dirge of Despair, as the vulgar Saying has it, *While there's Life there's Hopes*, 'tis but thinking piously of Providence, to say she creates these Evils for the brave to grapple with. Let no ill Success then hitherto, deter you from the Pursuit of generous Views, nor think Virtue the less amiable for being unfortunate. 'Tis the Tax of brave Minds to be obnoxious to the Base and Vulgar. Much Worthlessness was never much persecuted, and to deserve well of one's Country, is the only Way to offend the Enemies of it; may such Offence never be wanting till you attain the End you wish for, and every Supporter of so brave a Cause share in the Honour due to the disinterested Endeavours,

Of Gentlemen,

Your most humble Servant

A Freeman Barber.



T H E

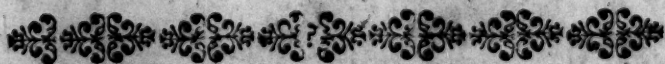
PROLOGUE.

WE no exotic Monsters shew to Night,
Such as once seen, breed Wonder and Delight;
No strange distorted Births that Nature dreads,
A Cow in Foal, or Calf with seven Heads.
The Monsters we exhibit are such Things,
As from Corruption of Man's Reason springs.
A kind of Animal, 'twixt Knave and Fool,
As Horse and Ass, they say compose a Mule.
Yet such a one, if M——y thinks fit,
May on a Bench as Judge exalted sit,
The Realm of Justice ruling with his Wit. }
Old Father Time, arm'd with his Scythe and Glass,
Arrides the Phantoms as his Hours pass,
Nor more Diversion the Surprise cou'd make,
Than if an Ass shou'd sing or Monkey speak. }
Such mighty Wonders, has beheld our Reign,
And if no Power of Fortune intervene,
The next may chance to see the like again. }



Dramatis Personæ.

Lord Cypher
Justice Noodle } the three sitting Justices.
Sheriff Woodcock
Two Men Plaintiffs and Defendants by Turns,
Cicily Brangle, a Fish Woman
Moll Scold a Butter Woman.
Other Women of the Market.
A Huxter Woman.
A Foot Soldier.
Mrs. Upstart a Tradesman's Wife.
Her Maid.
A Gentleman.
Bustle } Two Citizens of contrary Factions.
Wasp
An Irishman.
A Yorkshireman.
A Messenger.
Clerk, Constables, &c.





SCENE A COURT.

CYPHER, NOODLE, and WOODCOCK *sitting*
as *Justices, Constables attending.*

CYPHER.

GENTLEMEN, since we are seated here, in order to do Justice, it behoves us as Magistrates, to be very wise—you take me Gentlemen?—Extremely so—for such Reason, and none other that I know of, am I resolv'd this Day to be most excessively wise.

Noodle. With good Reason, my Lord—and the more so as there is an express Act of Parliament to the Purpose, which says, that all Persons employed in any Station under the Crown, ought and must be wise.

Woodcock. Nay, if there be an Act of Parliament for it, there is no going again it—therefore if it pleases your Worships to agree to it, we will this Day be wise according to Act of Parliament.—Constables call in the Parties.

[*Exeunt Constables.*]

Cy. Alderman *Noodle*, how stand your Books?

Noo. Why, indeed, my Lord, as to the swearing Article, Accounts have flag'd greatly this while past, so that if Things don't immediately mend, Justice will be all Labour and no Profit, and indeed, how could it be otherwise:—So many cramp Questions have of late been put to Evidence, as were enough to intimidate the most daring. Is it for us, who have other Fish to fry,

to sit calmly here, crying, *Gentlemen, have a Care: what you swear—Consider the Consequences—Four Ears are in Danger—Are you sure of it?*—Such Questions coming plump on a Witness when he's in the Height of his Mettle are enough take him off of his most desperate Resolutions—How many bold Fellows have I seen approach this Board with as little Fear in their Countenances as if what they were going to swear was but meer Matter of Form. Yet upon asking one or two of these Questions, have dwindled into—*To the best of my Thinking—If I don't mistake—So near as I can remember*—'Sdeath, such Fellows should be pillor'd for not having the Courage to swear what they at first intended to do—'tis a Fraud put upon the Court in order to deprive us of our just Fees—A meer Circumvention of Equity in every Point, and I assure you, my Lord, if an immediate Stop be not put to these Proceedings, we may bid adieu to all Justice.

Cy. We are convinc'd Mr. *Noodle*, that what you have been saying has some Truth in it, and for the future we will endeavour to mend.

Noo. Mend! 'Sdeath, you must entirely change your Conduct—leave but this Day's Business to me, and if I don't make Justice as plump as she is now lean, say I have no Skill in these Matters.—A meer Block that knows nothing. [*Aside.*]

Cy. Well, well,—we are content you govern this Day, and we'll be rul'd by you—but here come the Parties.

A great Number of People enter who make a great Noise, praying to be heard.

Noo. Now to bestir myself—Come good Folks, more Order and less Noise—you shall all be heard
in

in your Turn.—Here's the Book—come,—who swears? who swears? He who swears first shall be heard first. Be not dismay'd Gentlemen, here are no Stumbling Blocks laid for the Weak or irresolute, every Man shall be free to do as he pleases—Justice shou'd be lovely and not stern—We have the Sword from her to Day that your Consciences may be free and open—Come then, out with your Sixpences, and shew by your Readiness to swear, that Justice has not forsaken this poor Island—out with them, I say. [*Aside to the Justice*] this may seem a Farce, but the Necessity of the Times make it needful.

First Man. My Lord, I kiss the Book.

Noo. You're an honest Fellow I'll be sworn, and if Confidence be a Mark of Innocence, I am sure you have a Sufficiency of it—What's your Demand?

1st Man. This Man here, my Lord, owes me forty Shillings.

Noo. Pay the Man, Friend, pay him.

2d. Man. My Lord, I owe him not.

Noo. Pay the Man, Friend, I say pay him.

2d. Man. Won't you hear Reason, my Lord?

Noo. Not where Justice is concern'd—pay the Man, pay him, or—

2d. M. This is the hardest Case — [*Gives the Money.*]

Noo. So now you are paid.—Well, Friend, if you have any Objection to make to this Man's Demand, now's your Time!

2d. M. What! after I have paid him? I thought that shou'd have been done before.

Noo. Stupid Rascal! don't you know, Sirrah, that the Court must proceed methodically?—He has sworn against you; the Court has order'd him

him the Money, which is now in his Pocket——
if you think yourself injured in the Case, have
not you the same Right to do yourself Justice
as he had?—the Law's as open for one as 'tother

2d M. I beg your Worship's Pardon if I am a
little slow at conceiving you — so beg you wou'd
explain yourself.

Noo. Here, take the Rascal away—he wants
me to put him in a Method of perjuring him-
self—Sirrah, if you be such a stupid Scoundrel,
you know not how to recover your Money with-
out being put in the Way of it—you may go
without it, for a senseless Blockhead as you are.

2d M. O, I think I understand your Lord-
ship—you wou'd have me swear, that this Fellow
owes me just as much as I now paid him, that I
can safely do, for I never ow'd him a Groat.

Noo. Here kiss the Book then, and make no
more Words on't—and now Sir give this Man
his Money back again, and thank me that have
put it in your Power to pay and receive so much
in one Day—Hence ye Knaves! away with both
of you, while Justice has her Eyes shut; shou'd
she wake in the Midst of this, it mayn't be so
good for you. [Exeunt. Men.]

Cy. Heavens! what Solidity of Judgment in
determining Matters.

Wo. Aye, and how impartial to both Sides.

Cy. Yes, one wou'd have thought both these
Fellows deserved the Pillory, but by the Way he
has managed, they both came off without dis-
gracing their Functions.

Wo. Clemency joined with Justice, the two
great Virtues of a Magistrate.

Noo. Gentlemen you seem to be admiring my
Decisions—Is'nt it better to do thus than by
punish-

punishing both Sides to get nothing by either—
 their Consciences are in their Breasts, which they
 may endeavour to calm as well as they can—
 their Sixpences are in my Pocket, which carry
 no Sting with them at all, unless they grieve a
 little for the want of more Company—Tis a
 meer Error in Justice to lay that she ought
 to be given for nothing, since every Day's Prac-
 tice shews us that nothing is sold dearer—but to
 the Business—who swears next? who swears?—
 Ha! I see a good many of my old Friends of the
 Market coming—so great a Tide of Customers
 must needs bring a Herring Shoal of Oaths with
 them—Here Clerk, run to the next Ale-house
 and bring me a full Pot of Porter, for I believe
 I shall have sweating Work of it by and by.

[*Exeunt Clerk*]

*Enter Cicily Brangle, Moll Scold, and other Wo-
 men of the Market following.*

Cicily. Come in ye Jade, come in—Pll teach
 you, how you shall keep a civil Tongue in your
 Head—if there be Law to be had in *Ireland* for
 Love or Money, I'll make you repent abusing
 me.

Nob. What's the Matter *Cicily*? What? what
 angers you?

Cic. Please your Worship this Jade here—
 O Lord! I am so out of Breath, pressing thro'
 the Crowd, I shan't be able to speak this half
 Hour.

Nob. Reach her a Chair there—Justice must
 be civil to those who endeavour to deserve well of
 her—take Breath *Cicily*, and don't flave yourself
 with fretting thus—you shall have a faithful
 Hearing from us anon.

Cy. Who is this Woman? she comes hither very often, and for one so apt to complain, I fear she has not always the Truth on her Side.

Noo. This my Lord is *Cicily Brangle*, the fat Fifth Woman of *Ormond Market*,—a very stirring Woman in the Way of Justice, and one who loves to sweep Matters clean—no making up Quarrels with her, once she has fall'n out with you, she abhors any Compromisment that's out of the Way of a grand Jury Bill; and as she neither forgives herself, neither does she desire to be forgiven; 'tis all one to her whether she indicts or is indicted, for the Pleasure she takes in Justice, makes her equally love it, tho' it falls heavy on herself. There's scarce a Day, Sundays not even excepted, that she has not Business with me, for which Reason I make her an Abatement of two Shillings a Dozen in her Oaths, and generally settle with her at the end of the Quarter.—But come *Cicily* you have now done breathing and may tell your Story.

Cic. [*crying*]. Am I a Whore my Lord? am I a Whore?—You knew me in my former Husband's Time, when we kept that commodious House call'd the Sign of the *Fiddle* and *Two Fighting Cocks*, in *Tunnagain-Alley*, where your Lordship us'd to recreate yourself so often at a Game of Nine-pins, judge you then who knew my Way of Life if I was a Whore—and yet this nasty, abominable, filthy, odious, lying —

Cy. Hold, hold, Woman—no Scolding here, preserve the Honour of the Court.

Cic. My Lord 'tis Truth I say—this base, impudent, whoring, stinking —

Cy. Won't you Peace I say?

Cc. O my Lord, deprive me of the Use of my

my Tongue, and you deny me Justice—I abhor Scolding—but for this rotten, thieving, misbegotten ———

Cy. For Heaven's sake Mr. Noodle, if this Woman be of your Acquaintance silence her, or she'll make our Hall a Fish-market.

Noo. Peace! Cicily, Peace! I know you have Justice on your Side, as indeed, when do you want it—but Calmness becomes the Injured—if this Woman contrary to the Regard she shou'd have to good Manners, has injur'd, or strove to injure your spotless Reputation, her Purse shall pay for it; she shall not find Detraction so cheap a Vice as she may think it—And now Mrs. Scold, what have you to say for yourself?

Scold. I'll tell you my Lord, the whole Story how it was—As I was standing at my Stall weighing a Pound of Butter——the Poultry-man comes up to me, and says Moll, do you know what? What, says I? why say's he, 'tis found out, that that demure hypocritical Jade, Nell Sly, who look'd so modest as if Butter wou'd not melt in her Mouth, is with Child by a Butcher. Marry I don't doubt it, says I, and believe if all Whores were found out and exposed, others wou'd come in for their Share too: Upon which, Madam, who keeps a Standing just opposite to mine, took up, and said I hope it is not me you mean? Marry say I, I say nothing, but let them wear the Cap, whom it fits; upon which she immediately took the Law.

Noo. And with Reason——a Woman of nice Honour as Cicily is, is more apt to take Fire at a Hint, than if you had mentioned the Thing out right, therefore you ought to be doubly bound over, first for hinting she was a Whore, and next

for

for speaking the Thing so darkly as to leave her in doubt of it.

Cic. O God bless your Worship, I never knew you to give a wrong Sentence yet.—Fleece her the Jade, fleece her—I'll pay half the Fine myself, provided it be a large one.

Noo. Poor Soul—how she loves Justice!—here Clerk, take Pen and Ink, and make out the Indictment while I am emptying this Pot of Porter, and let the Fine, as *Cicily* says, be a large one. [*Drinks*]

Sco. (*To some Women about her*) Is't this a hard Case Neighbours, that this Jade shou'd crow over us so, by the Favour she has with the Justice? There will be no living in the Market for her by and by, she'll grow so saucy.

1st Wa. The Devil break your Neck *Moll* if you give the old Rogue a Farthing for his binding over—I wish it was me he had to deal with, I wou'd so maul the Cuckold.

2d Wa. Aye, or me.

3d Wa. Aye, or me either—I'd give his Ears such a Mobbing as they shou'd not get the better of it this Twelvemonth.

Sco. Let me alone Nighbours to be even with him—he little knows what I have heard of him, he was caught in Bed 'tother Day with a Porters Wife of the Market, and he gave the Woman who caught them ten Shillings to hush the Matter, who told it to me—and faith if he provokes me, all shall out.

1st Wa. Best whisper him, and threaten to tell, and he may be terrified from signing you.

Sco. I warrant you I'll make him to truckle to me yet, as high as he is—I am no Child to be made a Fool of by such a Drunkard.

Noo.

Noo. Is that done Clerk?

Clerk. Yes, Please your Worship.

Noo. Read it out then, and with an audible Voice, that they who have done the Wrong may pay and tremble.

Clerk. Yes Sir,—Hem, Hem:

Sco. Stay a while Sir,—will your Worship give me leave to whisper a Word in your Ear first?

Noo. If you have any Thing to confess, I am bound by my Office to hear you,—in the mean Time Clerk go on with the Indictment.

[*Clerk reads*] This Indictment sets forth, that *Mary Scold*, of the Parish of *Esc.* Butterwoman, for certain malicious, scandalous, and abusive Words, tending to destroy the Reputation, good Fame and Credit, of *Cicily Brangle* of the same *Esc.* Fish-woman, which Offence being highly against the Peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, as well as destructive of civil Society, —

Noo. Hold, hold, Clerk, and read no further—this Woman's the Devil and her Money would only infect us—out you base Woman, and take your wicked Train along with you, the Court is not safe while you, or any of you, are in it—Heavens bless us—methinks I wou'd not have touched your Money for a thousand Pound.

Cy. What said she to you Mr. *Noodle*?

Noo. What I wou'd not repeat after her for a Million—out you Fury, away with you; you are too vile for Justice to meddle with.—so hence and leave the Court instantly.—I am all in a Sweat while you are in it.

Sco. And may you sweat still more, as you certainly will do, when I proclaim this Matter to the whole Market—in the mean Time, farewell to an

old letcherous stockjobbing Justice. Ha! ha, ha!

[*Exit Women laughing.*]

Cy. [*starting up.*] How is this! ha! why is this Insult offered to the Court? Why don't some of the Constables run and fetch them back, that they may be punished properly.

Noo. Let them go my Lord, let them go—you don't know these People so well as I do; many's the Scold I am glad to get shut of, when their Tongues grow too outrageous for the Law to govern—for these are a kind of People, order what you will, they will still be Judges of their own Cause—but come this has been but a sorry Hearing, and we must endeavour to bring it up in our next.

Enter, an Old Woman and a Foot Soldier.

Noo. What's your Business old Gentlewoman?

Old Woman. I am a *Huxter Woman*, an please your Worship, and this young Man you see here, is a disbanded foot Soldier, and because I saw he was a handsome young Man and poor, I let him run up a Score on me of thirty Shillings, on Promise that he wou'd either pay or marry me, and now he has got my Goods, he refuses to do one or t'other.

Noo. O fye Sir! A Soldier, and refuse to gratify the Virgin Longings of so grave a Matron, who, perhaps, under the Frost that covers her Head, burns within for you—Marry her, 'tis your cheapest Way of paying the Debt.

Sol. Please your Worship, I told her I had three Wives already.

Noo.

Noo. And if she be contented to make a Fourth, why shou'd you be exceptious? Look ye Friend, 'tis to no Purpose to talk of sending you to Goal; Men of your Poverty are not to be aw'd with such Bug-bears, such a Decree wou'd only be providing you with a Lodging, for which, perhaps, you wou'd thank us, and our Duty is to punish Offenders, not reward them—so that if you refuse to marry this Woman, as in Conscience you ought, your Sentence shall be to starve at Liberty.

Sol. God a Mercy—I had rather go to Goal, and live upon Marshall Allowance, but indeed, there your Worship has bob'd me.

Noo. Oh! have I found you out—Mrs. what's your Name?—In what Manner wou'd you have your Marriage Settlement drawn? For now I think on't, Justices may marry.

Old Wo. Write it on the Warrant my Lord, and there will be no going from it—Write it on the Warrant.

Noo. You must give me the Parson's Fee if I do, for 'tis not fit I shou'd do you two Offices at one Price—you shall give me no more than Couple Beggars usually take, for I am no proud Parson.

Old Wo. There please your Worship—there's five Shillings for you, 'tis all I have in my Purse, and much good may do your Heart with it—I never paid sweeter Money in all my Life.

Noo. Nor did I ever receive stranger, let me perish; [*aside*] many such Causes as these will make a Bishop of me—there Madam, there's your Certificate of Marriage, and if any one offers to put between you, let me know, and I'll maintain its Validity. [*Exeunt Old Woman and Soldier.*]

five

five Shillings got out of the Church, is worth fifty got any other Way—do you think my Lord with so many Occupations I shall not prosper?

Cy. Never did I see so fertil a Wit, and so well managed—this Day's Work will produce us a good Tope to Night at the Tavern.

Wood. Aye, or a splendid Feast next quarterly Day—I love that Drinking that's attended with some Delicacies to eat.

Noo. Yes, and this Day's Profit shall secure us both—but who have we here?

Enter Mrs. Upstart, and her Maid.

Upstart. What! no more Respect to be paid to a Gentlewoman! suffered to stand in a filthy Crowd these two Hours, and not so much as a Chair to sit on.

Noo. What's the Matter Madam? You seem fluster'd.

Up. Fluster'd! Now as I am a Gentlewoman, and understand good Breeding I never saw so much Rusticity in all my Life; the Brutes push'd and shouldered me with as little Regard as if I had been but one of themselves.

Noo. Madam, good Breeding is not so much the Business of this Place as Justice; if that be what you want, you have nothing to do but to bid fair for her, and she's yours.

Up. My Lord, I doubt not your Equity, but you must know I brought my Maid before you for a *Faux pas*.

Noo. A *Fax pas*! What the Devils that?

Up. O Lord Sir! dont you know what a *Faux pas* is—sure your Worship never learned French then—

then——when I was a Child and went to the Boarding School, I wou'd gabble it as fast——

Noo. I don't doubt it Madam, but no one comes here that does not speak plain *Engliff*, which I pray you may do, and the shortest will be the best.

Up. Then to be short, Sir, I caught my Maid playing the Whore with my 'Prentice.

Noo. That's short indeed——Ha! [*Looking at the Maid.*] not an unhandsome Girl this!—and if she be that Way inclined, Justice may yet be a Friend to her. [*Aside.*]

So you say Madam, you caught her playing the Whore with your 'Prentice.

Up. Yes my Lord—but that's not the Worst of it, for ever since this Intrigue came into her Head, she has done nothing but idle, insomuch, that all my fine Setts of China, bought at Auctions for three Times their Value, are either broke or mislaid——my silver Lamp and Tea Kettle, Tea Tongs, Cream-Ewer, and Sugat-Dish, all left unscower'd to the utter Ruin of the Fashion, with all the other Plate of our Sideboard, for tho' but Mechanicks (as the Phrase is) I assure you we keep our Sideboard.

Noo. I don't doubt it Madam——there are many Tradesmen of late who keep Sideboards.

Up. Yes Sir——and tho' but young Beginners of a short Standing in the World, hope to keep our Chair and Country House yet——What! I suppose you think because we were poor once, that we wou'd live so always. No no, I'll say that for honest *Sneak* my Husband, tho' but a Spinner by Birth, no Man knows how to entertain his Friends more genteely; as your Worship shou'd find if ever you came to visit us at our Country

Villa——

Villa——Lord how glad wou'd I be to see your Worship there? Methinks the pretty Avenue leading to the House, and the many fine Walks and Gardens behind it, wou'd be a handsome Recreation to your Worship of a Summers Evening, shou'd you chance to ride out that Way. There you might amuse yourself in bathing in the Cold Bath, angling in one or more of the Fish Ponds; visiting the Green-House, or taking a Walk up to the Turret on the Top of the Hill in the Garden, from whence you might have a Prospect of the whole Country round you, all our own Estate——but O Lord! what is this I have been talking of? Nothing of all this has happen'd yet.

Noo. No, nor never may I pray G--d——what a Tongue this Woman has?——'Tis enough to tire a Windmill.

Up. Aye, but I assure your Worship, more unlikely Things have happened afore now, it was'nt for nothing I dream'd last Night that my little lap Dog got a Wrench in his left Toe, which set him a yelping so that he was heard the whole Street over, and Noise they say is a Sign of Increase——which if ——

Noo. Madam, that Observation must needs be false, for I have heard a great deal of your Noise and find no Increase from it yet——will you give your Maid leave to speak now?

Up. I have done, if your Worship will but give me your Word, you wont pass by our House without calling to see us, I am satisfied.

Noo. Was ever heard such Impertinence?

Up. 'Tis but sending your Compliments on a Card the Day before, and all Things shall be ready to receive you.

Noo.

Noo. Miracle of Vanity.

Up. Or if you don't care to give into that Fashion, as indeed 'tis grown so common that the very Butchers Wives themselves use it; let the Message be brought by a Servant in Livery; we'll take Care you shall have an Answer in Form, and by a Servant in Livery likewise.

Noo. Peace! thou Monster of Arrogance, or I'll have you gagg'd instantly—Zounds! am I to hear no Causes but such as are either unprofitable or impertinent?—Speak Girl, what you have to say in your Defence—your Mistress has fretted me so that I am ready to believe any Thing, you can say against her.

Maid. O then my Lord I shall say nothing but the Truth, tho' God knows, she but ill deserves it at my Hands—she's a nasty upstart Creature, who came to'ther Day out of an Ale-house Garret to keep a Shop, since which, she's grown so proud that the Devil himself can't bear with her, she is become the Scoff of her Neighbourhood.

Noo. This is no Defence Girl—speak to the Purpose—the 'Prentice—Girl—the 'Prentice.

Maid. Why Sir, as to the 'Prentice, was he here, he'd say the same as I do—every Servant she has hates her for her ill Usage of them; 'tis a common Trick with her when her Maid's Quarter is just up, to quarrel with her, in order to cheat her of her Wages, she has served many so afore me.

Noo. O, but still this is nothing to the Point—speak to the Purpose Girl—your Intrigue with the 'Prentice.

Maid. Why indeed Sir, as to the 'Prentice, he's as proper a young Man as you'd see in seven Parishes,

Parishes, and as Civil to——and if the Truth must out, she's only jealous of me, because she can't have him all to herself.

Noo. O Ho! I thought I shou'd come to the Bottom of this Matter at last—so it seems your Mistress and you are parcel Adventurers in the same Cargo——Well Hussey 'tis Impudence in you to interfere so much in her Concerns, and as your Mistress, she has a Right to be served first—I am afraid I must be forced to punish you [*looks lasciviously at her*] I see something in them wicked Eyes of yours, that tells me their Wantoness shou'd be brought down with a little sober Correction——I'll tame you and give me but Opportunity for it—have you any more to say?

Maid. Besides, my Lord, I have many Marks of her Cruelty to shew, she's the most barbarous Creature to her Servants, she broke one Maids Arm only for soiling her new Petticoat, another's Head for looking a skew at her, and me she half murdered the other Day, only for telling her in a civil Manner, that Times were mended with her.

Noo. And you deserved it—for you shou'd not say the Times were mended with her, unless you saw she was mended by them——but if she struck you that's another Affair, there's binding Work in that, and such as a Justice shou'd never look over.

Up. O my Lord, don't believe her——she's the lyingest Jade——

Noo. Hold your Tongue Madam, and don't pretend to direct us——though the Girl's Gown be Grogam, her Oath may be as fine spun as yours——will you swear what you advance Girl?

Maid. Indeed, my Lord, I wou'd willingly swear, but I have not Sixpence.

Noo.

Noo. How! So long in Service and not save Sixpence——nay, then I believe you are the idle Jade your Mistress says you are, and her Oath shall be taken before you——What say you Madam, will you swear to what you affirmed?

Up. I had rather indeed you shou'd believe me upon my Honour——but if it be necessary.——

Noo. O nothing more so——Kiss the Book.

Up. What! Is it that, the filthy People's Lips have flavered so?

Noo. O, are you thereabouts?——Perhaps Madam you wou'd have one with Silver Clasps to it?——Here is a neat Pocket one I keep for swearing young Beaus, Ladies of a third Rate Fashion, and all such whose Fancies are more squeamish than their Consciences——but the Price of it is half a Crown.

Up. O, I matter not the Price, so it be but out of the vulgar Way——give it me——by the Contents of this Book, and may I never drink *Hyson Tea* more, frequent Assemblies, go in a Hack of a Sunday to the *Ring*, or be seen walking with the Quality in *Moss's Gardens*, if every Title I swear is'nt true——and here's the half Crown I promised you.

Noo. [*Taking the Money turns to the Maid*] oh thou wicked abominable Jade, to use so good a Mistress thus——my Flesh creeps at the very Thoughts of you——here take her away to Bride-well Constables, I can no longer indure the Sight of her.

Up. And here Constables, is a Shilling to give the Man who whips her—and see he does it well.

Noo. Aye, aye, away with the Jade, and see she finds no Mercy——away with her—but hark

D

Constables

Constables [*in a low Voice*] you may whisper her as you goe along, if she has a Mind to serve me,—you understand me—Matters may yet be easy with her (*loud*) away with the Jade, away with her.

[*Exeunt Up. Ma. and Conf.*]

Cy. So I think Mr. Noodle, the beautiful and distress'd, have both an equal Share in your Clemency, you are as little sway'd by one as t'other, you deal with all impartially.

Noo. Ah my Lord, the Time we have to live in this World is but short, and ought all to be employed in the great Work of Justice—but let me survey my Mornings Accounts—two Six-pences from Men who swore contrary to one another—a Groat I credited *Cicily* on her Oath—five Shillings for a mock Marriage—and half a Crown from Mrs. *Upstart*—why a Man's Time might be spent worse—I have known greater Industry oft times employed to less Profit—but who comes here—no vulgar Personage I assure you.

Enter Constables with a Gentleman.

Constables. My Lord, this is the Gentleman you ordered us to bring afore you this Morning, for last Night's beating the Watch.

Noo. O ho! This will turn out something better than an Affidavit—my Lord, you shall leave the sifting of this Matter to me, for I am an old Hand at your Watch Scowerers—[*addressing himself to the Gentleman*]—Come, Sir, you are now sober, and may be able to give some Account of your last Night's Doings—Do you think, Sir, because you are a Gentleman, and possess some thousands by the Year, that you have a Right to murder all you meet—Is the Majesty of this illustrious City of such little Weight with you, that

that you dare insult its Officers? Are peaceable Inhabitants to be rous'd out of their needful Sleep, by the repeated Outcries of Murder, while you, like so many wild Devils with flaming Swords, run through the Streets carrying Destruction wherever you come.—Nor are the feeble, though courageous Watchmen secure from your atrocious Barbarities, their white Beards you tear from their innocent Chins, and lop their Limbs from their lagg'd Trunks, with as little Remorse as if they were so many wooden Statues.— witness the Watchman you assaulted last Night, he is not indeed dead (no Thanks to your intended Malice) but the Wound in his Head goes three Inches below the Brain—I saw it—felt it—examined it—and was shock'd at the Sight.— O Heavens! That Men shou'd have such stony Hearts!—If he recovers under six Years 'tis a Mercy—two hundred Pounds will scarce pay the Surgeon—he told me as much himself—and now Sir, tell me with what Presumption can you take upon you in this cruel and unheard of Manner, to abuse the Watch—to beat the Watch—to assassinate the Watch—to Wound the Watch—to kill the Watch—to murder the Watch—to massacre the Watch—to ———

Gent. [rising from his Chair] Sir I have a strange Infirmary attending me, that the louder a Man speaks, the less I hear, so must beg to come nearer to you. [*coming up close, he slips a Purse under his Hand.*]

Noo. Sir you're a Gentleman—I see so much from your Behaviour, and have no need, I discover, of Austerities to teach you what is good Manners—all this I might have said to another, who had not your Way of conducting himself, but a Hint I perceive

I perceive to you is enough—don't I know when young Gentlemen are heated with Wine, they often do Things in their Cups they are sorry for when sober, and we ought to make an Allowance for the Misdeeds of Gentlemen whose Frolicks proceed more from Levity than Malice, we accept your Submission tender'd in so prudent a Manner, and as there is nothing on Record, Sir, that shews you were ever guilty of the like before, this honourable Court is willing to discharge you from farther Trouble—There Constable, return the Gentleman his Sword and Cane you took from him—and d'ye hear—desire the Watchman to bath his Head with a little white Wine and Vinegar—'tis possible two or three Night's Rest will restore him.

Cy. Well, I vow Mr. Noodle, this was a well conducted Cause, your bawling as naturally lead him to his Pocket, as if his Hands had been your own—but *bona fide*, how much is there in that Purse he gave you—I got a Glimpse of it, and by its Bulk it must needs be a good one.

Noo. Whist! it may not be so safe to talk of this Matter here—we'll examine and divide it to Night when we meet at the Tavern—Here come others to court our Justice.

Enter Bustle and Wasp.

Bustle. Hey for the Aldermen! Long live the Aldermen.

Cy. O Mr. Bustle your Servant—What brings you hither?

Bu. A Cause my Lord which I am proud to say is in your Power solely to determine—I need not tell you of what Use I was to you in your late Election, how I bustled for you in all Places, gave
you

you my own Vote, and procured you what I could of others, and was your Friend on all Occasions?

Cy. I remember it right well Mr. *Bustle*, and will take the first Opportunity of quitting the Obligation.

Wasp. Compliments in Justice! This is good now.

Bust. And what an Enemy you found in this old Fellow here—he seduced more from your Party by railing at you, than wou'd have made up ten Men's Interests—the Patriot himself was not half so bitter.

Noo. Yes, we remember his Taunts well enough, the old Spitfire Varlet, and will now endeavour to be even with him—he was Liberty mad then—but w'e'll Liberty him ifaith.

Wasp. What will you give the Cause against me before you hear it—O ye upright Judges you.

Noo. Peace Sirrah!—and hold that insulting Tongue of yours—we'll do no Injustice, and yet take Care you shall get no Good by us either—what's the Cause Mr. *Bustle*?

Bust. Why you must know, in the Midst of the late Factions, when all Partizans were striving who shou'd serve their Friends most, it was my Fortune to be often cross'd by this old Fellow, who was perpetually driving at me to lay Wagers, at length he held me six Bottles of money, that your Adversary wou'd sit in the House; I took him up, since which, I think 'tis evident by the Consequences who must have won.

Noo. And does he refuse to give them to you?

Bust. O, no my Lord, that's not the Thing—the Man wou'd give them to me with all his Heart—but you must know, as I have had a smart

Smart Cold and Phytick on me this while past,
my Physicians tell me that Wine wou'd be my
Poison—so that the Reason of my bringing him
afore you, is, that you may order me the half of
the Wine in Money.

Noo. You are too moderate Mr. *Bustle*, as the
Wine was your Winning you have a Right to the
whole—what was it Claret or Burgundy?

Bust. Nay, my Lord, that yourselves must be
Judges of—~~for indeed the Wine was not like~~
~~city'd.~~

Noo. The best to be sure it must be—let me
see—six Bottles of Burgundy, at six Shillings
per Bottle, is just.

Wasp. Why you most unconscionable, partial
and vile Judges, will you have the Assurance to
make me pay this?

Noo. Peace Slave, or you'll put me out in my
Account—~~fix~~ six Shillings, as I was saying, six
times reckoned, is just one Pound sixteen—this,
with other incidental Provocations to make the
Wine relish, would in a Tavern, come to one
Pound Nineteen Shillings and eleven Pence—see
Constable that he pays the Money, or away to
Goal with him instantly.

Wasp. O thou vile Destroyers of the City's
Liberties! Invaders of Men's Properties, and
Subverters of the Body Politic—How long,
I say, how long—

Noo. S'death! he is going to make an Oration
—Stop his Mouth, the Rogue, stop his Mouth—
we have had too much of these Doings already—
No Orations here I assure you.

Cy. Aye, the whole City is full of these kind
of Orators.
Wasp.

Wasp. [*breaking loose*] And may she be fuller yet—May an Opposition to your abominable Measures grow more and more daily—May your Iniquities rise to such a Pitch, that Corruption herself may grow ashamed of you, and in the End cast you off; may you agree no longer among yourselves than is necessary for your mutual Destruction, and when you come to be hang'd for your vile Oppressions, as I hope you soon will, may each Rascal of you, for want of a worse Executioner, become the others Hangman, and when—I wou'd say more to you ye Dogs! but that my Passion stifles me—But take this once for all, a Sett of viler Scoundrels does not breath, and to Perdition I give you. [*Exeunt in a Fury*]

Cy. Heaven's! how strong the Spirit of Contention is in him, they are all to a Man like this Fellow.

Noo. Aye, they wou'd all murder us if they durst, but that our Authority restrains them, and 'tis one of the greatest Sweets of Power that we can pull down the Spirits of those we have no liking to, and Malice seem out of the Question—but who have we hear next?

Enter an Irish and Yorkshire Man.

Irish. Ogh hone-Friend, 'tis not your saying you are not the Man shall serve me, I know you too well to be mistaken in you.

Noo. What's the Matter there?

Irish. A Man my Lord who has own me forty Shillings any Time this ten Years, and 'twas now by the greatest Accident I met with him.

York. Wauns! I owe you forty Shillings!—I tell you again you must be mistaken Mon.

Irish.

Irish. By no Means Sir—you are not so far worn out of my Memory that I should forget you; your Name is *Jeremy Bilksbot*, a Miller by Trade, and born near *Carricknesure* — I know you well enough, however, you may strive with that feign'd Voice and clownish Dress to disguise yourself.

York. Ho, ho, ho! by the Mass, I believe these Volk wou'd persuade one out of their Christian Name—why Mon, you must mistake me quite—my Name is *Hobson Downright*, a *Yorkshire* Mon, born near *Richmond* in that Country, where my Family now lives, all the Volk vor vorty Miles about knows me.

Nob. Aye Sir, but Words alone won't sway here — What does he owe you this Money for?

Irish. Diet and Lodging my Lord.

York. O Wauns! Wauns! worfe and worfe:— I am but within this two Hours come from Ship-board, and never was in this Country afore—damn my Heart if I was.

Nob. And how came this Man to meet with you?

York. I'll tell you Zir—As I was going along the Street, bound to no particular Place, but only with a Desire to zee this Strange Zity; as I stood gaping at the Images o'the Outside of this great Hoofe, a Mon comes up to me, and clapping me on the Shoulder, Zays, Vollow me, I did not know but he might have zome Business with me, or zeeing I was a Stranger had a Mind to help me to some Vork, I vollowed him up these big Stairs, and coming into this Place, saw this great Croud of Volk waiting on your Vorship, upon which I would have turned back again as thinking it a Mistake, upon which, another Mon gripp'd

gripp'd me vast by the Shoulder, and said, I must not go, upon which I turn'd about, and hearing this other Mon say to your Vorship, that I ow'd him Vorty Shillings.

Noo. Yes Sir, and he does not only say it, but swears it, and 'tis the Custom of this Court, whatever a Man swears, we are obliged to believe, be it never so improbable.

York. Wauns! an this be your *Irish* Justice, I go back from whence I came; I thought to have sent for my Wife and Family to have settled here, but if this be the Usage we are likely to meet with, they shall e'en stay where they are.

Noo. Nay, Friend, if you threaten to run away, there must be the greater Caution used in the securing you——Here Constable, take this Gentleman Foreigner, and give him hospitable Entertainment till he pays the Debt.

Cy. Is not this, Brother *Noodle*, carrying Matters too far, to make a Man Debtor to another he never saw, this, in my Opinion, is a little too barefac'd.

Noo. Not at all my Lord, not at all, the easier Belief we give to those Things, the more it provokes Custom—but now I think on't, I feel my Stomack inclining Dinnerward, and if the Hurry of Business did not impade, wou'd most willingly batten, run *Jonas* [to his Clerk] and see if there be many more Causes to come on [Exit. Clerk.]

Cy. to *Wood.* Brother *Woodcock*, I begin not to like this Man's Proceedings, it seemeth to me that he is a little too violent.

Wood. Indeed my Conscience begins to relent too, and I am resolved if any Mischief comes of these Doings, to disclaim them.

Cy. And so will I, I see no Reason our Characters shou'd suffer, for another Man's Roguery,

E

and

and he have all the Profit of it—but here comes *Jonas*. [*Re-enter Clerk.*]

Clerk. Please your Worship I look'd out, and never saw the Court so full in my Life, I believe there are a hundred Causes to come on.

Noo. O ho! then here am I planted this two Hours—run *Jonas* and bid *Margery* my Cook, keep back the Goose from the Fire, and tell Alderman *Tunn-Belly*, who is to dine with me, he may take a Walk in the Garden, or amuse himself with a Sop in the Pan, till I can come to him—if Matters go well with me, I may chance to give him a Bottle extraordinary—but who comes here—I like not his Countenance.

Enter Messenger.

Mef. My Lord, I come by Order of the Government to suspend your Court, they are sorry the Power they granted for the Establishment of Justice, shou'd be employed for the Overthrow of it, and of this, they command you to divest yourself.

Cy. So, I guess'd what it wou'd come to [*aside*] will you bear my Excuse to their Excellencies, and—

Mef. No Apology my Lord, their Excellencies require nothing more of you, than a present waving of your Office, they think your Parts too innocent to do much Harm—their Complaints inclining most to this Gentleman, whose Activity in the Way of Justice they have heard so much of, and whose Merits they are seized with a most violent Disposition of rewarding.

Noo. Who me Sir?

Mef. Aye you Sir—they wou'd be loath to put a Stop to the Career of so much Industry,
but

but that their Ears are daily assaulted with the highest Elogiums of your just Proceedings, this gives them Pain, Sir, because they wou'd have none in any Office beneath them to be more just than themselves. Among the Rest who came to applaud you, Sir, there was a Gentleman who said you took from him, as a Reward of your Integrity, this Morning, a Purse of thirty Guineas, this Purse, Sir, I have in Commission to redemand and bring along with yourself to their Excellencies.

Noo. Ah me! the Scent is now out — the Gentleman whose Purse I took this Morning has informed against me [*Pulls it out of his Bosom.*] Go at once thou Corrupter and Comforter of my Heart, never shall I see thy like again — Alas! how thorny are the Ways of Justice, and how uncertain the Paths of it! — This Mornings Light saw me a Judge, this Evening's a Criminal — Ah, never shall the Night ambling Whore, or Day lurking Felon submit to a chearful Sequestration of half their Gettings to avoid the heavier Fine of a Carts Tail, or Bridewell, Justice will be then a mere Scare Crow — Bawds who were kept in good Order before by the Imposition of quarterly Fines, will all now undo themselves thro' their Irregularity; and Lewdness be an Amusement no more thought of for want of a Justice to regulate Matters; the World will grow infamously virtuous, Peace flourish for want of a Guardian to establish it, Honesty thrive because not supported, and the other Virtues grow familiar thro' a disuse of the Means to improve them. — Ah Heavens! what a Scene will this be? The Ways of Justice will then be no longer gainful, and instead of the rich Wines and delicate Cates

Cates that used to adorn his Worship's Table, he must now content himself with humble Malt, Meats stewed twice over to preserve OEconomy, a hot Joint between whiles, and now and then a Dumpling on Sundays — the Calamity is too great for mortal Patience to bear, and I can no longer endure it — Oh! ho! ho! [*faints*]

Mef. Here some of you his own Constables bear him off, till their Excellencies Pleasures are known, what shall be done with him.

*So may it fare with those whom Justice stain,
And sell her sacred Rights for sordid Gain;
When Villains trusted with the public Sway,
For private Purposes that Trust betray;
Corruption then erects her hateful Crown,
Stalks on the Earth, and treads all Virtue down.
From that vile Source, all public Mischief flows,
And Justice then the worst Injustice grows.*





EPILOGUE

Spoken in the Person of the Author.

EScap'd from petty Tyrants of the State,
In foreign Kingdoms I enjoy my Fate.
If not my Country, I at least secure,
Now laugh at Ills, I whilom strove to cure.
Happy! if when for your Defence my Pen
Was drawn, I truly had been merry then,
But Hopes too sanguine led me rashly on,
To push a Field I deem'd already won;
And as those Foxes who escape the Snare
When better Game becomes the Hunters Care;
So you swoln Aldermen a Fox like Race,
Escap'd their Fate by my too eager Chace.
Attack'd themselves they had been forc'd to yield,
But my Imprudence only was their Shield.
Learn hence ye Patriots who at Frauds wou'd rail,
How you attemper Prudence Steel'd with Zeal;
And when at publick Ills you boldly strike,
You mingle not the Base and Good alike.
Such was my Error, which too late I rue,
And point those Shelves on which I sunk to you.
But let no Terror springing from my Fate,
A loyal Ardour for your Rights abate;
To Liberty you have the same Pretence
As tho' my Pen ne'er stia'd in your Defence;

Law.

Lawyers may gild, but cannot change the Law
Nor can any Faction hurt an honest Cause:
Secure in your own Rights, those Rights maintain
And render all Attempts to sink them vain.
It is not Treason Villains to withstand,
Whose horrid Schemes but tend to rob the Land
Who into every baneful Project run,
And care not, so they're made, who are undone.
Such Wretches care not for the State or Crown,
All Public Inter'st center'd in their own;
Be these the Objects then of your Disdain,
No Danger can from lashing such remain.
And while in Freedom's Cause you all unite,
Shew Zeal from Rage, and Courage free from
Spite;

The honest Track of publick Good pursue,
And serve at once your King and Country too.



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